THE

CRISIS.

NUMBER XII. *To be continued Weekly.*

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Enſe velut ſtricto, quotis Lucilius ardens
Inſremuit, rubet Auditor cui frigida Mens eſt.
Criminibus, tacite ſudant Præcordia Culpa.

JUVENAL.

Sharp as a Sword Lucilius *drew his Pen,*
And ſtruck with panic Terror guilty Men,
At his juſt Strokes the harden'd Wretch would ſtart,
Feel the cold Sweat, and tremble *at the Heart.*

The Prophecy of RUIN,

A POEM.

SHOULD e're a Prince the Britiſh Empire ſway;
(And I be doom'd by Heav'n to ſee the day)
Who quite UNMINDFUL of that glorious ſtate
To which he's rais'd, not by *deſert*, but *fate*;
Should he be *baſe*, be *cruel*, and *unjuſt*,
FALSE to his friends. *unworthy* that great *truſt*;
Should he, *unmindful* of the good that ſprings
From true *royalty*, and true *patriot* Kings;
By oppreſſion (deſtroying like a flood)
Cauſe civil war, and fill the land with BLOOD;
Should he rebel 'gainſt FREEDOM, LAW, and RIGHT,
And laugh at truths which honeſt men ſhould write
With fair intent, write with no other view,
But to ſave HIM, and ſave their COUNTRY too;
Such deeds as theſe, would fire my ſoul with rage,
And make me e'en againſt my ſafety, wage
War with VILL'NY, and ſtamp the TYRANTS crimes,
That he might live and ſtink to after times.

Thrice

Thrice happy, NOW, *when ev'ry* bleſſing ſprings
From GEGRGE *the* THIRD; *we boaſt the* BEST *of* KINGS.

Curs'd be the wretch who would ſupport a plan,
Which muſt deſtroy the natural rights of man;
Periſh the wretch, who *unconcern'd* would ſee
The LAWS DESTROY'D, a falling MONARCHY;
I could not, I am of another breed,
I ne'er ſhould *tamely* ſee my *country bleed*;
Nor crouch to him, to *truth* and *juſtice* dead,
Or fawning compliment an *empty* head:
Let ſubtle knaves, to CONDOUR more inclin'd,
Diſguiſe the *truth*, I'd always ſpeak my mind;
Periſh the thought, the crime ſhould ne'er be mine
To ſacrifice at curſt ambition's ſhrine
The RIGHT to SPEAK, and publickly diſplay
In all it's hideous forms DESPOTIC ſway;
I ne'er ſhould underſtand thoſe *prudent* rules,
Decorum call'd by PARASITES and FOOLS;
Diſcretion too, ſhould with *decorum* fall,
I ne'er would be, what raſcals *decent* call;
RESENTMENT ſhould to *injuries* be ſhewn,
The people, by the language too be known,
'Tis *ſurvile* wretches who are *decent* thought,
Such as are *ſold*, and thoſe that would be *bought*:
When FREEDOM calls, none ſhould from *danger* ſtart,
But take a NOBLE, a *deciſive* part;
I'd in the cauſe of FREEDOM firmly ſtand,
And dare the ſtroke, e'en of that tyrant's hand,
Confed'rate *villains*, and their pow'r defy,
Born *free* like my *forefathers*, I would die
In that great *cauſe*, which is the *cauſe* of *all*,
Or *free* I'd live or *glory* ſhould I fall:
While *truth* and *juſtice* did my lines ſupport,
I'd fear no King, nor Minion of that court;
Nor King, nor Miniſter, ſhould *then* eſcape,
But ſhare alike, the *injur'd* people's hate:
Tho' minions talk'd, and lawyers ſet about,
To find the LIBEL, and the AUTHOR out;
Tho' one ſhould ſtare, another raſcal cry,
'Tis TREASON all, the AUTHOR ought to die."
I'd laugh at them, nor care what they could do,
In honeſt rhime, each VILLAIN would perſue.

Should ſuch a PRINCE ſucceed to England's Throne,
(Tho' BORN a BRITON, they muſt BLUSH to own.)
Should he keep foes of FREEDOM, and of LAW,
Such foes as keep TRUE LOYALTY in AWE;
Pervert fair JUSTICE from her even courſe,
And know no LAW, except the LAW of FORCE;
Should he keep ſuch as theſe, cloſe to his breaſt,
(Striving the *Scepter* from his hand to wreſt)
Should he keep ſuch, and of the STUART race,
Who made this Empire tremble to her baſe;
Should *Scotſmen* be prefer'd to BRITON's brave,
And none but *Scotſmen*, or a *Scotſman*'s ſlave
Appear at Court, and lord it o'er the land,
Keeping all pow'r from the ſovereign hand;
Should he ſee only with a *Scotſman*'s eyes,
Be taught to mock his *injur'd Briton's* cries;
Coop'd up at Court; (like ſheep ſhut in a penn),
Little to read, and leſs to know of men;
To hear ſuch men, as had no other ends
but to ſerve HIM, and be their country's friends
Call'd *diſloyal*, and *rebels* made appear
By baſe born *Scotſmen*, always rebels HERE;
This to believe, believe it as his creed,
And through thoſe *traitors* make all *England Bleed*:
Coo'd up at Court; and there be made a *tool*,
The greateſt *ſlave*, as well as greateſt FOOL;
Should *England's Crown* be plac'd on ſuch head,
What miſ'ry muſt the people *then* not dread:
Would they not curſe the *cauſe*, the *ſecret* ſpring,
Whence all this dire oppreſſion came, that King,
Would they not wiſh, the Day which gave HIM birth,
Had ne'er diſgrac'd the records of the earth;
Would they not drag thoſe *traitors* forth to view,
Who foes to him, ſought England's ruin too,
And make them anſwer for ſuch horrid crimes,
Which all their race, as well as future times
Should ſtrive to equal, or exceed in vain,
Crimes, that would leave a long, a laſting ſtain
Upon the land, worſe than the *Stuarts*; who
BORN SLAVES, tried to make ſlaves of FREEMEN too,
Who bound in chains, both LIBERTY and LAW,
Quite friendleſs then, but Heaven ſent NASSAU;
He 'gainſt Slavery, made a glorious ſtand,
And broke thoſe chains, which had diſgrac'd the land;

With tenfold terror hurl'd his Vengeance down,
And drove a *Slave*, and *Tyrant* from the Crown,
Founded the throne in *juſtice*, *truth*, and *right*,
And reſcu'd FREEDOM from the ſhades of night,
Drove *ſuperſtition*, (with her bigot crew)
Far from this land, (*James* he run with her too,)
Drove *perſecution* to her ſeat in *Rome*,
Whilſt *Tyrants* wept at *ſlav'ry's* bloody tomb:
Reſtored to *Britain*, all the *rights* of man,
Firſt fixt by Heav'n, on wiſdom's ſacred plan.

Such deeds as theirs, wou'd fire my ſoul with RAGE,
And make me e'en againſt my SAFETY, wage
War with VILL'NY, and ſtamp their horrid crimes,
That each might live, and ſtink to after times.
Would make me call forth ancient Britiſh rage
To juſt revenge, or mark the coward age,

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry* bleſſing ſprings,
From GEORGE the THIRD, WE boaſt the BEST of KINGS.

Should ſuch a King ſucceed to England's Throne,
(Tho' BORN a BRITON, they muſt BLUSH to own)
Should he ſucceed, when *France* and *Spain* are leagu'd
To ſhake the ſtate, and make the nation bleed;
When *France* and *Spain* by COMPACT ſhall engage,
To ruin us, with war's deſtructive rage,
When Heaven ſees the lives UNJUSTLY ſlain,
By reſtleſs *France*, join'd with ambitious *Spain*;
Sees ENGLAND bleed, her blood UNJUSTLY ſhed,
And hurl's down vengeance, on each guilty head;
Bids ENGLAND'S arms pull lawleſs power down,
And with her conqueſts ſhake each TYRANT's crown:
Should he ſucceed, when ENGLAND rais'd above
All former times, and WISDOM join'd with LOVE,
In council ſits, makes paltry factions ceaſe,
And tho' at War, yet all at HOME is PEACE;
Whilſt ENGLAND keeps one half the world in AWE,
And by her POW'R, can give the other LAW;
When each new day, crowns Britons with ſucceſs,
And Heaven ſeems ſome *Chatham's* plans to bleſs;
Should he ſucceed, when war in dread alarms,
Calls forth the nation's WISDOM, with her ARMS,
Calls forth RESENTMENT from the BRITISH THRONE,
To make her VENGEANCE, and her POWER known;
Should he ſucceed, and roll SUPINE in ſtate,
(And leave her GLORY and RENOWN to fate)

Would

Would be a crime (that Heav'n could not forgive,)
To blaſt his name, and make his memory live;
Live, with recorded VILLAINS to that Day,
When time ſhall ceaſe, and all the world decay:
Should he to make this crime ſtill worſe appear,
Turn out a Miniſter to ENGLAND DEAR,
Who'd rais'd his Country (from a SINKING ſtate)
By WISDOM only, (not by chance or fate)
To POW'R and STRENGTH, not known in days of yore,
Known only then, and to be known no more;
At his command, like that great PATRIOT PITT,
Makes *France* to yield, and *Spain*, tho' proud, SUBMIT;
Makes Britiſh VALOUR, with juſt vengeance hurl'd,
Strike TERROR thro' each nation of the world:
Should he be (through a *Scotſman*'s baſe deſign)
FORC'D from his office, or MADE TO RESIGN,
And that ſame Scotſman of the *Stuart* race,
Mount in his ſeat, the nation's foul DISGRACE,
Falſe to his King, give up thoſe conqueſts won,
And fix in STRENGTH, both *France* and *Spain* undone;
Should he make war, DEFENSIVE war to ceaſe,
On terms *inglorious*, by a *ſhameful peace*,
A peace which muſt from foul CORRUPTION ſpring,
Thro' that baſe *Scotſman*, but ſtill BASER King;
Dead to all ſenſe of England's *future good*,
To *ſacrifice*, her *treaſure*, and her *blood*,

Such deeds as theſe, would fire my ſoul with RAGE,
And make me e'en againſt my SAFETY, wage
War with VILL'NY, and ſtamp their horrid crimes.
That each might live, and ſtink to after times.

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry bleſſing ſprings*,
From GEORGE the THIRD, we boaſt the BEST of KINGS.

Should ſuch a King ſuccced, to ENGLAND'S Throne,
(Tho' BORN a BRITON, they muſt BLUSH to own)
Sho ld he, (when by *Scots arts*, by *bribes*, and *fraud*,
A p ace moſt *infamous*, is made abroad;
And, for *diſtinction* ſake, at *Fontainbleau*,
The curſe ot *England*, and of *Scotland* too;)
Should he, perſuing ſtill the path of ſhame,
Give up all pow'r, reſerving but the *name*
Of King, let *rebel Scotſmen*, ſteer the helm
Of State, and ſow *fell diſcord* in the realm,

Make

Make tax on tax, (while England curſt with peace)
Each year arile, each year to ſay increaſe;
Each year call loud, aloud for *new ſupplies*,
While ruin did, with double horror riſe;
Should he, when ſuch oppreſſions from thoſe men,
Call'd forth ſome *Wilkes*, (a *Wilkes* may be agen;
Be ſent by Heaven, his country to bleſs,
To reſcue ENGLAND from each deep diſtreſs;)
Call'd forth ſome *Wilkes*, in honour to oppoſe
Their *meaſures*, and their *ſubtle arts* expoſe;
To ſhew the people ev'ry baſe deſign,
Their ſchemes to *thwart*, their plans to *undermine*;
To *ſpeak* ſuch *truths*, as ſome would fear to *think*,
And ſhew the *gulph*, where *Engliſhmen* muſt ſink;
Sink and remain, till time would be no more,
In the *damn'd gulph*, of ARBITRARY POW'R:
Thus to ſtand forth, and only with this view,
To ſave his COUNTRY, and her FREEDOM too;
To ſound the alarm of danger in her ear,
Call forth her RAGE, and ſhew what ſhe ſhould FEAR
Make TRAITORS tremble at the ſtrokes he gave,
Tremble and fear the nation to ENSLAVE;
To brand thoſe villains with juſt marks of ſhame,
That each might live, live with a blaſted name;
Thus to ſtand forth, with theſe, theſe noble views,
All DANGER to defy, and BRIBES refuſe;
Would well deſerve (altho' ſome TRUTHS might ſting,)
Both FAVOUR and PROTECTION from that King:
Should he, (weak Prince, a ſurer hate to gain,
And make the people daily curſe his reign,)
Dead to all ſenſe, of HONOUR and of TRUTH,
The friend of SLAV'RY in his early youth,)
Drunk with PREROGATIVE, a *Scotſman's* tool,
In MEANNESS bred, fond of DESPOTIC rule;
Should he in rage, exert a LAWLESS POW'R,
And order him, CLOSE priſon'r in the TOWER;
(His friends REFUSE admittance to his room,
And cruel PERSECUTION be his doom;)
Immur'd within thoſe walls for life muſt be,
Unleſs a PRATT ſhould riſe and ſet him FREE;
Yet in ſuch times, and he once more at LARGE,
Some *Scotch Chief Juſtice*, may *renew* the charge;
Tyrannic pow'r, not willing to RETRENCH,
And ſend him for TWO YEARS, to the *King's Bench*.

The

The people then would ſurely flock to ſee,
Fair FREEDOM'S friend, the friend of LIBERTY;
To ſhew their Love, (with well deſerv'd applauſe)
To him, who tri'd to ſave their CHARTER'D LAWS.

A SECRETARY ready to fulfill,
The bloody mandates of a Tyrant's will;
Might ſend the cruel *Scots*, their ſwords to wield,
To gain freſh laurels in *St. George's Field*;
Should e'er the ENGLISH by the *Scots* be ſlain,
In ſuch a cauſe, a TYRANT'S love to gain,
And I be doom'd by heav'n to ſee the day,
Some future year, and on the TENTH of MAY,
Should then a youth, thro' VILLAINY decreed
To fall by SCOTSMEN there be MASSACRED,
(Whom for diſtinction ſake, I'll ALLEN call,)
PERSU'D, and in his FATHER'S HOUSE to FALL,)
An ONLY SON, and all his father's CARE,
His greateſt HOPE, as well as only HEIR;
To ſee that father ſunk in deep DISTRESS,
SUPPLICATE the Throne, begging for REDRESS;
Calling for JUSTICE, (diſtracted, undone,)
Juſtice, 'gainſt the MURDERER'S of his SON,
This REFUS'D, the MURDERER'S too be PAID,
A PRINCE for BLOOD, and from that KING have AID:
A Jury PACK'D, a JUDGE moſt ready too,
Obey that Court, and all its rotten crew;
'Gainſt JUSTICE, LAW, and TRUTH, (curſed deed!)
To hear him ſay, "the *Engliſh* ought to *bleed*;)
"I have it in commiſſion from the King,
"That not ONE SCOTSMAN, while he reigns ſhall ſwing;
"The SCOTS were SENT, the King he thus had will'd,
"They ſhould have *butcher'd more*, nay, *thouſand's kill'd*;
"There can no CRIME unto THEIR charge be laid,
"But by the KING, whom they have not *obey'd*;
"For by the world, this ſhould be underſtood,
"'Twas his DESIGN, to fill the fields with BLOOD."

Such deeds as theſe would fire my ſoul with RAGE,
And make me e'en againſt my SAFETY, wage
War with VILLANY, and ſtamp theſe Monſters crimes,
That each might live, and ſtink to after times:
Would make me, if I had a hand to write,
Paint theſe foul deeds, dark as the ſhades of night;

Would

Would make me call forth antient Britiſh RAGE,
To JUST REVENGE, or mark the COWARD AGE.

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry* bleſſing ſprings,
From GEORGE the THIRD, we boaſt the BEST of KINGS.

Should ſuch a King ſucceed to ENGLAND'S Throne,
(Tho' BORN a BRITON, they muſt BLUSH to own;)
Should he, in meanneſs bred, LAUGH at all LAW,
The ſenate keep by BRIBES, and FRAUD and AWE;
That parliament to ROYAL MANDATES true,
Shall ruin England and her FREEDOM too;
Inteſtine war ſhall be at BRENTFORD laid,
(To which that King ſhall give his utmoſt AID;)
A war 'gainſt TRUTH and HONOUR, horrid deed!
To root up FREEDOM, and make VIRTUE bleed,
To ſtab the *conſtitution*'s very *ſoul*,
That right deſtroy, which *now* ſupports the whole;
Elections right, that firm, that great ſupport,
'Gainſt *venal ſtateſmen*, and a *ſlaviſh court*:
Yet none ſhould ſuffer for ſuch mighty *guilt*,
Nor all the *blood* which might that day be ſpilt:
Altho' by *hir'd villains* ſome ſhould be ſlain,
The *villains tri'd*, *condemn'd*, 'twou'd be in *vain*,
In *vain* the nation ſhould for juſtice call,
A *pardon* would be ſent from *Surgeons Hall*;
That King ſhould laugh, his minions ſhould laugh too,
To think each day they *butcher'd one*, or *two*.

Such deeds as theſe would fire my ſoul with *rage*,
And make me e'en againſt my *ſafety*, wage
War with *vill'ny*, and ſtamp that TYRANT's crimes,
That he might live, and ſtink to after-times.

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry bleſſing ſprings*,
From GEORGE the THIRD, we boaſt the BEST of KINGS,

Should ſuch a King ſucceed to *England*'s Throne,
(Tho' *born* a *Briton*, they muſt *bluſh* to own;)
He would from *France*, to ſhameful inſults *yield*,
And be afraid the *Britiſh* ſword to *wield*;
Our cannon, *France* ſhall neither *fear* nor *dread*,
When known to her, a *Patriot* King was *dead*;

And

And he who reign'd, a ſcripture rule did know,
To ſtrike him *once*, would turn for *t'other* blow;
The *terror* of our *fleets* ſhould be no more,
Nor carry thunder to a *foreign* ſhore;
But piece, by piece, be left to rot away,
With BRITISH GLORY, *moulder* and *decay*;
The inſulting *Spaniard*, *unchaſtiſ'd*, ſhall dare,
To *ſeize* a ſhip, and off her *rudder* tare;
While *England*, neither dreaded, nor ador'd,
Stains with her *pen*, the luſture of her *ſword*;
In cowardice gives up her *rightful claim*,
And blaſts at once, her *honour*, and her *name*:
Curſt be the time, the day, when that is told,
That *England*'s Empire of the ſea is *ſold*.

Such deeds as theſe, would fire my ſoul with *rage*;
And make me e'en againſt my *ſafety*, wage
War with *vill'ny*, and ſtamp that TYRANT'S crimes,
That he might live, and ſtink to after times.

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry bleſſing ſprings*,
From GEORGE the THIRD, we boaſt the BEST of KINGS.

Should ſuch a King ſucceed to *England*'s throne,
(Tho' *born* a *Briton*, they muſt *bluſh* to own;)
Should he in *meanneſs* bred, *laugh* at all *law*,
The ſenate keep by *bribes*, and *fraud* in *awe*;
That parliament to *loyal mandates* true,
With *England*'s ruin, ſhall fix *Boſton*'s too;
Her *charters* ſhall deſtroy, her *rights* invade,
Her *commerce* ruin, and the *town blockade*;
Shall fill that place, with men by *ſlaughter* fed,
To rob the *ſtarving* people of their *bred*;
And fix by *force*, ſome curſt *oppreſſive laws*,
Made through *Scots villainy*, (without a cauſe;)
In baſe compliance with that *Tyrant*'s will,
Her *freedom* to deſtroy, or *blood* to ſpill;
And ſtep, by ſtep, moſt infamous deſign,
Thus the whole *conſtitution undermine*;
Firſt take from *Boſton*, all the *rights* we gave,
Make each *American*, a *Scotſman*'s ſlave;
And next in *chains* the *Engliſh* ſhall be bound,
By that ſame King, in whom no *truth* they found;

Should I then live, i'd rather league with *Hell*,
Or riſe in *arms*, and 'gainſt that King *rebel*
Than be his *ſlave*, by all thats *juſt* and *good*,
I'd rather ſee *my children* roll in *blood*.

Such deeds as theſe, would fire my ſoul with *rage*,
And make me e'en againſt my *ſafety*, wage
War with *vill'ny*, and ſtamp that *Tyrant*'s crimes,
That he might live, and ſtink to after times;
Would make me call forth *antient Britiſh rage*,
To *juſt revenge*, or mark the *coward age*.

Thrice happy NOW, *when ev'ry bleſſing ſprings*,
From GEORGE the THIRD, we boaſt the BEST of KINGS.

Should ſuch a King ſucceed to *England*'s throne,
(The nation muſt, with *dire oppreſſion* groan,)
Should he in *meanneſs* bred, *laugh* at all *law*,
The Senate keep by *bribes*, and *fraud* in *awe*;
That parliament to *royal mandates* true,
With *freedom*, ſhall *ſubvert religion* too;
The *Lords* and *Biſhops*, ſhall that Senate join,
And with the State, the *church* ſhall *undermine*;
The *Proteſtant faith*, which for ages ſtood,
On *truth*'s firm *baſe*, bought with a *ſea* of *blood*;
Shall be *deſtroy'd*, and at that *Tyrants* call,
The *Laws* of *God*, ſhall into ruins fall;
The *Engliſh* then, to *Catholics* muſt bow,
And *worſhip Idols*, as they do *God now*;
Or elſe ſubmit to *perſecution's* rod,
Be burnt alive, (for owning of their God)
With ſhirt well *pitch'd*, to give a ſhocking light,
And *Smithfield* once more blaze, at dead of night;
Then as before, with *Hell* they may conſpire,
To ſet our *churches*, and the *town* on *fire*:
(That *pious* King, at *pious* Prieſt's command,
May make *cruſado*'s to the *Holy-land*,
Thro' dangerous ſeas, to find the bleſſed ſpring
Of *holy water*, to which the *Pope* ſhall bring
Him ſafe, *purge*, and *abſolve* him from his *crimes*,
As *Pope's* abſolv'd our *King*'s in former times,
And made them *devil*'s on the *Britiſh throne*,
They reign'd in *blood*, and *Hell* was all their *own*.)

And

And Biſhop's then e'en Satan ſhall out vye,
To pleaſe that KING will give their GOD the lie,
(But ſtill they'll have a ſure and certain hope,
And find at laſt a SAVIOUR in the Pope)
And no diſtinction could a SCOTSMAN bring,
'Twixt, DEVIL, BISHOP'S, POPE, and ſuch a KING;
So far alike, (none ſhould this diſbelieve)
Their aim the ſame to ruin and deceive,
By oaths nor conſcience neither would be bound,
Could worſe on Earth, or worſe in Hell be found.

Such deeds as theſe, would fire my ſoul with RAGE,
And make me e'en againſt my ſafety, wage
War with *vill'ny*, and ſtamp their curſed crimes,
That each might live and ſtink to after times:
Would make me call forth ancient Britiſh rage
To *Juſt revenge*, or mark the *coward age*.

Thrice happy NOW, when every bleſſing *ſprings*
From *GEORGE the THIRD*; we BOAST the beſt of *KINGS*.

Through that dark gloom one comfort ſhall appear,
(And all the world own I'm a PROPHET here)
Altho' like crimes of old in SODOM's land,
Thoſe might draw vengeance from GOD's righteous hand,
Yet for time, the AUTHORS ſhall not bleed,
Thro' one Juſt man, who then ſhall greatly plead;
One BISHOP ſhall be found, and only ONE,
Then true to *Man*, to *God*, and *Chriſt his Son*,
There ſhall be one, ASAPH that one ſhall ſing,
Juſt to his *God*, his *Country* and his *King*.

Should that dread time to England e'er be known,
When ſuch a Monarch ſits upon the throne,
Her ſenate brib'd, and only kept for ſport,
To aid the BLOODY meaſures of a court,
Should that e'er be, a few brave virtuous men,
(A *Chatham*, *Burke*, a *Glinn*, may be agen)
May try, with truth and juſtice on their ſide,
To ſtem the torrent of corruption's tide;
Like virtuous Romans they may firmly ſtand,
With ſome few more, to ſave a falling land;
May bravely ſtruggle in their country's cauſe,
And nobly try to ſave her *charter'd laws*;

But try in *vain*, truth ſhall not find ſupport,
From raſcals brib'd, and by a rotten court:
Should honour riſe, by juſtice call'd to tell,
How England bled, and how the *Romans* fell;
Should virtue honour join, at Heaven's call,
To ſhew that Britons muſt like *Romans* fall:
Should they, baſe villainy drag forth to light,
St. Stephen's troops, ſhall then prepare to fight;
And legions arm, 'gainſt truth and virtue's laws,
Will there defend the blackeſt villain's cauſe;
And honour, juſtice, truth, and virtue meet
This fate, ſhall victims fall at *powers* feet.

Dread EVILS theſe, yet they will ſurely ſpring,
From Lords and Commons, *join'd* with ſuch a King.

In ſuch a time, at FREEDOM'S glorious call,
Britons muſt ſtrike, and make thoſe TRAITORS fall,
A deed which would by ages be admir'd,
A day kept HOLY, when their ſouls expir'd:
Then would, happier days, to Albion be reſtor'd,
By ANTIENT JUSTICE, with her PATRIOT SWORD.

In ſuch a time would REVOLUTION ſtand,
Each Briton's boaſt, the glory of the land.

But ſhould that time to England once be known,
When foul corruption ſtinks upon the throne,
And ſhe has POPISH BISHOPS of her own.
When each other the THREE eſtates ſhall JOIN,
By force or fraud, the ſtate to undermine;
When Britons do, and with INGLORIOUS eaſe,
SUBMIT to WRONGS, ſuch curs'd wrongs as theſe;
When that ſhall be (quite dead to Heaven's call)
THE BRITISH EMPIRE MUST IN RUINS FALL.

N. B. The ſpirited letter ſigned CASCA, is come ſafe to hand, and ſhall be propely attended to. The Authors of the CRISIS will be extremely glad of the future favours of the Writer, which will be very acceptable, and the expence of poſtage, moſt readily paid.—They hope to hear from him ſoon, and would wiſh to have an addition in a few Days to the letter already received.

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